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**EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS AND INTERVIEWS**



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JUNE 6 2005

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- Aurora Corporate Center West
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- Courtyard Orchestra Orchestra
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A once cloistered order of nuns is now living with lay folks.

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Behind the scenes, a Canadian prince married his princess.

Was it easier to find publishers through their contacts?

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Vancouver-born David Santa is high style's next big thing.

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## A photograph showing a long line of bodies covered in white and brown tarps along a path, with a person in a white shirt and cap standing in the foreground.

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**WAR FICTION:** Joseph Boyden remembers the First Nations' contribution to the First World War in his new novel, *Three Day Road* [www.macleans.ca/boaden/](http://www.macleans.ca/boaden/)

From *The Business Magazine* to *Maclean's*. See how we kicked-started it all began in this century gallery [www.macleans.ca/mag](http://www.macleans.ca/mag)

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"Why did you have to use such an inappropriate heading? If you could not use the Queen's full name, why not 'Lilibet'? But Betty? Never! Never!" —Elizabeth Smith, Belleville, Ont.

## A royal response

What a timely and refreshing cover package about Canada's Queen ("Betty rules," May 23). It was a much appreciated break at a time when political fighting, treachery and greed have become our daily fare. It is good to remember that Canada's head of state is, indeed, beyond and above such things and that we can all be proud of her, whatever our political allegiance. At a time when duty and loyalty are forgotten words between the crown of duty dictators, it is good to remember that such are the qualities, now embodied in Queen Elizabeth II, that have built our country.

John McInerney, Oshawa, Ont.

It's a shame that you ran an otherwise excellent article by your unpaid reporter about Prince Philip. I am sure the Queen would be the first to say Philip has always been most supportive. And if you had ever met him, as I have, you could never say he was dim. You should look into all the things he has done for Great Britain, the Commonwealth, world wildlife, sporting associations and young people.

Shirley Plimley, Ottawa

I take great exception to the author referring to Prince Charles as a "misogynist." I think he is quite the opposite. It requires back home to speak up on topics such as the environment and modern architecture. It takes a very strong person to be in the vanguard of such movements as organic farming and holistic medicine while being lauded for it by unthinking journalists. It takes an exceptional person to use his position to urge business to take the disadvantaged. And it most deftly takes a unique person to deftly all connections and the palace to marry the person he loves. Charles is misgendered! Harshly!

Ardis Youngsley, Ottawa

I was in Grade 3 when they brought to class a big cassette full of film to show us the risks and wonder of the construction of a young woman known as Princess Elizabeth.



I have since sadly followed her career, and Russell Miles deserves applause for his skillful portrait of our Queen who, even when snubbed or mocked by some of our politicians, has shown himself to be truly of royal blood.

Rev. George Gilliland, Charlottetown

How dare you call Queen Elizabeth "the last great monarch"? What gives you the right to determine the potential greatness of future monarchs such as Prince Charles or Prince William?

Stephen Haddad, Burlington, Ont.

## And the boat goes on

Comments by Paul Wells in the May 16 story ("Almost a way of life," The Gontary Inquiry) about Adcock being business as usual gave me the incentive to tell my own story. If nothing else, it should reinforce the assumption that the shortcomings of the sponsorship program are merely the tip of a very large, Liberal iceberg that dates back many years. In the mid '90s, while I managed a Montreal-based advertising agency, we were chosen by then Crown-owned Canadian Inc. to handle advertising for their Challenger business. The decision followed our investment of large amounts of time and money in the preparation of the winning submission in a fairly conducted

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## UPFRONT

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### Justice | First star on the right, and straight on to the jury

Finally, Michael Jackson has to be taking notes, there was a real Neverland. You know, where reality never comes. Otherwise, with his defence resting abruptly, it looks like his first—but he's a 13-year-old boy with alcohol at the Neverland ranch two years ago, monster have him move and try to keep his family from selling the story?—could go now any of his poem as early as this week. For the 46-year-old entrepreneur who said "I haven't been betrayed or deceived by children. Adults have let me down," this can't be a good thing.

To no one's surprise, Jackson did not testify in his own defence. (Why leave his lifestyle open to cross-examination?) Neither did the legend of promised celebration. The defence rested after a mere three weeks. Its big names: Marilyn Cullen, the former child-star said he was never molested at Neverland (despite numerous Chris Tucker voiced suspicion about the screen's intent, *Thriller* Show host Jay Leno plugged his show). The presiding judge, though, did us all a favour: he ruled that 1993 police photos of Jackson's reportedly bleached pores, from an earlier molestation case that was settled before a verdict, could not be entered as evidence. In both cases, prosecution had wanted to show the boys could recognize Jackson intimately. But the judge did allow current prosecutors a last volley: a tape of an early police interview to demonstrate the boy has not altered his story. When the youngster testified in March, Jackson showed up late for court, in his pyjamas, wearing and complaining of back pain. This trial will end. Its antics will live on in a weird Peter Panish way.

**Quote of the week** | "It's important to send a very clear message that there is one rule of law in Quebec."

**Protein** JEAN CHAREST as Quebec becomes the first province to explicitly ban Islamic law for family disputes

### ScoreCard



**P.E.I.**  
Province backs a plan to cut 24-hour suicide line to 9 to 5, weekdays. No last. Moved chance to be first to create Emergency Savings Time. Banks robbed only during business hours. No fires after dinner, after 7. Of course you're not in a coffee shop, sir, it's Saturday.



**PARIS HILTON**  
High-heeled shoe kicking down her heels. These bathing suit to a Bentley—a TV spot for American lounge chairs. Bathing suit leaves years are shocked: who knew she could actually wear a car?



**LABRADOR**  
Which signed land more limited by federal ministers and Tory MPs in opposition vote count. Liberal Todd Russell wins, sparking speculation of election to be used to discredit PM. At very least, first falling in a recent province leader and Newfoundland.



**ERIE-X**  
Bumbar has it gold. Broadcaster Michael de Guzman didn't conveniently fall from helicopter when he was injured. May be living high life in Brazil—or as a angry about his own suspect, selling World stock.

## Mansbridge on the Record



## THE QUEEN'S FAREWELL?

Palace gossip has it that her majesty will assign future tours to Prince Charles

**WATCHING THE QUEEN** wave goodbye in Calgary this other day had many wondering whether this was her final, in-person gesture of thanks to this country. If one believes the palace gossip, she is contemplating assigning future foreign travel to the king-to-be, the Prince of Wales. The farewell left me re-playing scenes of my own favorite royal moments. My mother has always dined being a devoted royal watcher, but I've noticed over the years that she's always up to speed on palace news, especially when it comes to the Queen. Until a few years ago, she'd never actually met the Queen, but that changed when governor general Ray Johnston invited my parents to a reception that was being held in her majesty's honor in Victoria.

On the night in question, my mother found herself in the midst of Victoria's finest, all in their best formal attire to toast the royal guest. Then, without warning, the moment arrived. My mother had just finished one conversation and was turning around to search for my father—and there, directly in front of her, looking her straight in the eye and saying a firm "Hello," was none other than the person she'd only ever seen close up on a television. Naturally eager

“

The royal crowds have changed over the past 35 years—they're much smaller and older now, especially in the larger cities

I live that way for two reasons: because my mother has the courage to be about herself, and because I've seen that look on thousands of other faces in the more than 35 years of covering

royal tours across the country. My first was in Churchill, Man., in 1970, and since then I've watched the Queen or various members of her family from Agincourt to John's to Victoria and so many places in between. The crowds have changed over the years—they're much smaller and older now, especially in the larger cities. Part of that decline in numbers and interest is surely a result of an increasing portion of the population that just isn't sure what the point of the monarchy is anymore. But those who still come are, as we witnessed these past few days, mostly astounded.

Unlike my mother, and despite my experience covering royal events, I can't say that I've had one of those personal, unforgettable moments involving the Queen. But I did have one reporting in the early '70s on her state, Princess Margaret. She was landing in Winnipeg to officially open the new Winnipeg Art Gallery, and it was a big deal for all concerned. Being that we chose to cover the arrival with a remote broadcast, live, from the airport, and I was sent to head the segment. It was a fine big book, and I was nervous, even though I'd spent hours prepping for my chance.

"And there she is," I finally pronounced with great gusto as a woman stepped out of the ceremonial jetting the prince's tows, "an historic day for Winnipeg!" I then bubbled on for a minute or so about the upcoming upgrade. That was about the moment when I realized the woman all of Manitoba was now looking at didn't move like the Queen's sister, didn't wear special royal hat and showed us beaming royal smile. And there was the reason of those wings on her lapel. It was, without question, the best introduction to Winnipeg that an Air Canada flight attendant had ever had.

Peter Mansbridge is Chief Correspondent of CBC Television News and Anchor of The National. He can be reached at peter@petermns.com

## FaceTime

**Dead or alive** With his legion of fansites and their almost daily car bombings, he has probably killed more people—most of them innocent—than the 9/11 terrorists. Now the media seems to be tightening around Abu Musab al-Zarqawi, the Sunni militant who is al-Qaeda's most-formidably in Iraq. U.S. and Iraqi forces arrested two of al-Zarqawi's top aides. Then came news on an Iraq-based website that al-Zarqawi



had been killed. As before, the female victims were mostly prostitutes or addicts from Vancouver's Downtown Eastside; one is a Jane Doe. Their DNA was found among human remains at the farm. With the trial set for September, Pichler's lawyer asked for a sweeping ban to try to keep sensitive details off the Internet. And he wants spectators stopped even from discussing anything from court, to make sure potential jurors won't be tainted.

**He's a rebel** His trial is to begin in September. For the murder of Laura Dickinson, a 49-year-old he picked up in a club in 2003 and who died of a gunshot to the face later that night at 160 L.A. Avenue. He says that for feared walk-out sound record producer Phil Spector, it's his gun-toting history will also be on trial. The judge is allowing four other



was wounded in the chest in a fire-fight, perhaps during the recent sweep by U.S. forces near the Syrian border. The web messages may have been a ruse to help Osama bin Laden's henchmen escape yet again—or to inspire followers if it turns out al-Zarqawi is already dead.



already faced. As before, the female victims were mostly prostitutes or addicts from Vancouver's Downtown Eastside; one is a Jane Doe. Their DNA was found among human remains at the farm. With the trial set for September, Pichler's lawyer asked for a sweeping ban to try to keep sensitive details off the Internet. And he wants spectators stopped even from discussing anything from court, to make sure potential jurors won't be tainted.



women to testify that the notorious Spector brandished guns at them while drinking, one he allegedly chased with an assault rifle after a dinner party.

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## WORLD

**IRAQ** As the death toll from insurgent attacks topped 630 in the past month alone, the Iraqi government announced it would throw a huge coalition around Baghdad of 40,000 police and security officers and set up over 675 new checkpoints to try to stop car bombers. As part of a new offensive—which comes as al-Qaida's Iraqi mastermind Abu Musab al-Baghdadi was reported wounded—the U.S. military launched a second major attack in two weeks in the untamed western region, al-Zarqa's stronghold.

**PRISONERS** Newly released FBI documents quote Muslim detainees saying military interrogators at Guantanamo Bay "beat[ed] a Korean in the toilet," threw the holy book to the floor and mocked Muslim prisoners at prayer. The documents were released by the American Civil Liberties Union after a freedom of information request. They follow a controversial report by *National* last month, which sparked riots in Afghanistan and which the magazine retracted, saying it could not corroborate the allegations. Mocking the waitee, the Pentagon released its own investigative report. It said it could confirm five of 13 possible incidents where the Koran had been "mishandled" by guards or interrogators—but no beating.

**MIDDLE EAST** Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak endorsed a referendum result

BY PATRICK LAMONTAGNE



**SURF'S UP** The ocean's never far away in New Scotland, but for now the big surf is inland. In the Lake Louise area, where a week of blizzard rain has washed out roads and bridges and driven nearly 10 firetrucks from their bases. The forecast: more to come.

allowing multiple candidates for the presidency—provided they are approved in advance by the government. The vote was ignored, however, as government agents beat protesters and mood by al-Mubarak supporters attacked other demonstrators,

women in particular, some reports said. In Lebanon, Hezbollah leader Sheik Hassan Nasrallah rejected international pressure to disarm and said his movement has 12,000 missiles to attack Israel if provoked.

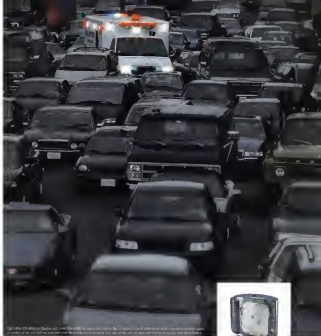
**SPAIN** Eighteen people were injured as a powerful car bomb exploded in a working-class neighborhood near Madrid. The bomb was the sixth attributed to the Basque separatist group ETA in just over a month, and was preceded by a warning.

**AFRICA** Plans by Japanese leaders to visit a controversial war statue sharply ended a two-day visit by Chinese dignitaries and sparked a new round of incrimination between the two rivals. The statue, honoring Second World War dead, includes high-ranking soldiers since convicted of war crimes.

Meanwhile, Japan freed diplomatic attacks on another front. Both Australia and New Zealand launched campaigns today to stop Japan from increasing, perhaps doubling, its annual catch of 440 minke whales in Antarctic waters, ostensibly for research.

**STEM CELLS** The U.S. House of Representatives denied George W. Bush and passed a bill to remove federal research restrictions on stem cells extracted from human embryos. Bush says that, if the bill passes the full Congress, he'd veto from moral grounds.

**HEAT WAVE** One was just 15, another was a pregnant 24-year-old. In all, 12 people



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believed to be migrants from Mexico numbed to a record-breaking heat wave in the Arizona desert. Doctors of others were renewed at the start of what is called "the season of death"—when temperatures spike above 58° C.

## HEALTH

**DRUG REACTIONS** It's long overdue. Health Canada launched a searchable database so Canadians can check out a drug—40 years' worth—of adverse reactions to prescription and over-the-counter drugs. The easier way to reach it is to type CADRE for Canadian Adverse Drug Reaction Information System into an Internet search engine.

**LIVE AND LET DYE** Good news for the beauticians. A team of Canadian and Spanish scientists said there is no evidence of increased risk of cancer from hair dye. An estimated 33 per cent of women over 18 and 10 per cent of men over 40 colour their hair.

**DEEP SEA RESCUE** Breach swimmers below a battleship found deep in the seabed off Japan sea effectively left the hospital super-HERA. The species produces a unique antibiotic to help it fend off other microbes from the ocean floor. It's an example of how far off-shore researchers may have to travel to find the antidotes needed for the current flood of antibiotic-resistant bacteria.

## CANADA

**POUNCE** Paul Martin's Liberals gained a small parliamentary cushion as Liberal candidate Todd Russell, a former Meils leader, won a crucial by-election in Labrador. With the win, the Commons standings are: Liberals, 134, Conservatives, 98, NDP, 54, NDP, 19, Independents, 5.

Meanwhile, the opposition Bloc and NDP want the RCMP to investigate the case of Tory MP Gurnam Grewal (right). He alleged he was offered a diplomatic posting and a Senate seat for either himself or his wife, also an MP, if they abstained from the key vote on confidence votes in Parliament two weeks ago. Conservatives have still not decided whether to volunteer taped conversations Grewal secretly made with Liberal Health Minister Ujjal Dosanjh and Tim Murphy, chief of staff to the Prime Minister. Both Dosanjh and Murphy have denied making any such promises—which would be illegal—and said they were merely listening to what Grewal was making for.

**POLLUTION** The U.S. is doing a better job than Canada in reducing the amount of airborne lead—a cause of birth defects and neurological disorders—from smelters and

other sources, the environmental agency established by the North American Free Trade Agreement reported. Canada is responsible for 42 per cent of air pollution from lead in the two countries. According to the report, Ontario has the highest lead pollution of any North American jurisdiction.

**HOMOLINKA** Connected killer Kadja Hamedka will likely contest Ontario's plan to force her to report to authorities on a regular basis once her 18-year incarceration is up in July, her lawyer said. Ontario is asking a judge to order mandatory reporting under a new Criminal Code provision used for repeat offenders.

Meanwhile, it was reported Hamedka has been carrying on a close personal correspondence with a man convicted of murdering his girlfriend. She was in prison three years ago when female inmates were temporarily housed in a male facility. The latest news came in court, prior to official trial.

**RESCUE** Things looked grim for three British Columbia climbers stranded for three days in bad weather about 500 m from the summit of Canada's highest peak, Mt. Logan, in the Yukon. But in strong, frigid winds, three helicopters and a fixed-wing aircraft from Canadian and U.S. agencies flew to the rescue. The climbers were taken to a hospital in Anchorage, Alaska, where they were treated for frostbite.



**HOW MORTIFYING** He may never use the service entrance again. A judge ordered General Truck to return 12 boxes and two jobs were then talking from his old Toronto office at Hollinger Inc. Black says they were personal effects, not items of his legal fight—Hollinger lawyers, though he released company funds—he had been ordered to pay. In the process, he left everything behind.



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Mary Janigan | ON THE ISSUES



## AS THE WORLD TURNS

With most tariffs on the way out, it's time to focus on removing other trade barriers

**THERE ARE TWO** minds that capture the pendular plight of the fabled World Trade Organization—and how the world has changed under our very noses. First, there has been so much up in the number of enormous disputes handled before it: in a mere decade, this handful 130 cases, ranging from Mexican objections to Panamanian milk tariffs to Indonesian complaints about Korean dumping duties on paper. But then to what is famously hailed as a huge breakthrough in its current round: the recent agreement on a technical formula to convert so-called specific tariff rates like those on auto importations. They may allow officials to deal sensibly about agricultural tariffs but, after almost four years of talks, this is a small advance toward free trade. “The framework for dispute settlement is working, a huge body of jurisprudence is developing,” says Toronto trade lawyer Larry Horvath. “But they are not making significant progress in getting a new deal.”

The lull in the search for a new deal has huge implications for the WTO's 148 members—including Canada. After eight successful rounds to lower trade barriers, the current talks may eventually grope their way to a deal on an agenda that includes more open markets for the Third World's agricultural products. But the real trade action has moved elsewhere—to regional and bilateral treaties.

“We need a working Canada-U.S. border. A car needs here and sent there may contain parts that have crossed the border five times.”

These deals include issues like investment that increasingly shade

WTO concerns. Perhaps 148 could well never be able to equal the book. So Canada has been realistic. While supporting the WTO, it has inked four regional deals, including the groundbreaking 11-year-old NAFTA with the U.S. and Mexico. And it is negotiating pacts with other parties, including the economic powerhouse Korea.

But that's only half of the story. In a coming trade, California University trade experts Bill Dymond and Michael Hart argue that we have gained virtually everything we needed from traditional trade deals: most tariffs have almost disappeared. Meanwhile, the world that those deals were designed to handle is disappearing. Today's transnational firms—there were 63,000 in 2000 with \$60,000 offshore—now investment and production where they please, bypassing barriers. And, although most trade deals deal with goods, fewer than one in five Canadian now work in manufacturing. Most dollars earned “The world has gone beyond its economic institutions,” says Dymond. “The power of governments over international trade are steadily declining.”

What does this mean for us? We should pursue WTO talks. We should keep signing bilateral pacts. And we should create the Canada-U.S. border works. This is small thing. A car made here and sent there may contain parts that have already crossed the border five times. “Governments should focus on what they can do, such as managing the border,” Dymond says.

The timing may be right. After his recent resignation, Paul Martin vowed to improve our relationship with the U.S. That's the plan: to do—moving from an overpaid softwood lumber to a better border infrastructure. The WTO may take years to clarify its current rules—before it can open an issue. It is in our interests not to wait around.

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## Passages

**HONORED** Acclaimed writer Allen Mazur was given a special—for his—Mazur award every year by the Vancouver Public Library in the 1950s, the award to honor his one of his branches to which he early stories. On receiving the award, Mazur, 73, said the book she is working on will be her last.

**WOMEN** Nova Scotia phenom Sidney Crosby, 17, who took the Canadian Hockey League's scoring title for the second year in a row with the Rimouski Océaniques, was named the CHL's Player of the Year, the only junior player to have earned the title twice.

**RECOVERING** Former prime minister Brian Mulroney was back in hospital to have fluid removed from around his pancreas, a side effect of an earlier operation. Mulroney, 66, has been recuperating since an operation March 15 to remove a lesion from his lung.

**ORED** He was a basketball player and a politician. Berkeley law professor David Marshall, along with director James Ivory, brought new life to the last, epic, literary film—think *A Room with a View*, *Howard's End*, *The Remains of the Day*—in a London hospital following surgery. He was 68.

**ORED** He was a guitarist's guitarist who played for everyone from *Kiss* to *Black Sabbath*. *Donnerstag* (Donnerstag, led guitar for the Guess Who and the James Gang in the 1970s, died in Toronto at 58, after a decade-long battle with cancer.

**ORED** A former backup singer for Ring Crosby, California voice specialist Thel Rosenbaum died of pancreatic cancer at 91. The voice for a host of Disney characters, he created “The Grinch,” a happy glow for Frank Ficker’s “Tiger the Tiger.”



## THE MACLEAN'S INTERVIEW



INTERVIEW | ANNE LARCADE

## ‘THE GOVERNMENT BROKE THE LAW AND MADE PEOPLE SUFFER’

**ANNE LARCADE** of Burnsville, Ont., is the lead plaintiff in a \$390-million class-action lawsuit against the Ontario government. Five years ago, her severely disabled son, Alexander, then 6, needed supervised 24-hour care that the could not provide. She either had to legally abandon Alan to Children's Aid, which then would place him in the necessary home, or allow the boy to go without the care he required. She was left with that proposition because, in 1999, the province stopped issuing “special needs agreements” to fund residential care for severely disabled children who were not wards of the state. That left hundreds of families

in financial and emotional turmoil. Last week, Anne LarCADE, Ontario's first disabled woman, delivered a scathing report demanding that the provincial government “do the right thing” and reinstate special needs agreements.

The province promised to restore personal funding in existing cases, but made no further funding commitments.

years of something desperately to find workable solutions and decent care for our son.

**What exactly are his disabilities?**  
He has behavioral, sensory and psychiatric disorders. He has severe developmental delay, he's cognitively delayed, he has anxiety disorder, he's bipolar, he has a speech impediment, and he has difficulty with social and light stimulation, similar to that of an autistic child. Physically, he has instrument blindness in one eye, he's incontinent and has fingers that don't work in a coordinated way, so he can't hold a pencil or tie his shoes or catch a ball. He has almost no short-term memory. He's been telling me the same knock-knock joke for four years. He's very social and he has learned to read and write.

**How did his condition affect your life?**  
Our lives were focused on his needs. He had feeding tubes and oxygen tanks, we did intensive physio with him and learned sign language to help him communicate. It was nothing—we were like people in our own home and wouldn't go out. When Alan was 7, my husband and I separated. He left the country for the next two years and I moved to a new city with Alan and his one-year-old brother. I had no family close by. I started a new job, and had to live in care. A couple of years later Alan started to regress and no one could figure out why. One day he went blind in one eye, and he couldn't see his shoes. He was frightened, and we realized as right as we could that we had no real sense of safety for the whole family.

**What prompted you to sue the government?**  
After we were public with my story, I heard from hundreds of parents who were also struggling to do the very best for their kids. I know parents who have given up their jobs to provide full-time care for their children. They're on welfare. The government's decision broke the law and made a lot of people suffer. For I've determined to fight this wrong and get special needs agreements reinstated.

**Are you happy with the provincial ombudsman's report?**

Yes. He spanned the Ministry of Children and Youth Services, he documented the anguish of the families, and he made appropriate conclusions. With this report, he validated my five-year struggle.

ANNE LARCADE



## THAT SKUNKY SMELL

It's been bad, but with time winding down, does Gomery have the full story?

**THERE'S PLENTY OF SMOKE**, but is there a fire? Will Justice John Gomery be able to actually prove what everyone has now come to suspect, if not believe—that the federal sponsorship cash machine resulted in a shush fund that seeped back into the Liberal party's coffers? After 24,000 pages of testimony before his commission, often faced with confusion, contradictions, apu and outright lies, Gomery himself missed the prospect last week that he may not be able to decide for sure. At issue was the almost \$1.3 million that Adrian J. Boudry, in his testimony, said he spread around in kickbacks from the \$99.5 million his companies made

in between 1996 and 2001. "I have no basis for concluding that the full \$1,763,000 ever found its way to the Liberal Party of Canada," Gomery said. "I have some basis for thinking that some of these amounts surely did, and that some other amounts may



Gomery's latest claim: he's no boss man, but just a reluctant, white Genesee described as "a person as well as a boss."

have." Which leaves him precisely where? "Right now," stated the commissioner, "it's quite a lot of evidence. I am unable to come to any conclusion."

Now, once public testimony winds down this week, Gomery will have done statements from the coasts of lawyers who have called his inquiry home for the last few months. He will then turn to producing the more than 400 thick bundles of evidence submitted before him, before producing his final fact-finding report, presented for Nov. 1. But Gomery's warning last week came after he heard another big report: by a forensic accounting team from Kroll Lindquist

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### Politics

Arrey—the Canadian branch of the firm famous for its investigation of the Iran scandal and of Saddam Hussein's assets. They analyzed 28 million financial documents, only to conclude that... they can't conclude for sure. As one investigator put it, once money has been transferred into cash, "there is no trail left to follow." But the auditorial confirms that an amazing amount of money, loosely controlled, was easily accessible to a small group of Liberal friends by agencies that became very rich, and were given to the party.

The auditors calculated the tab for the sponsorship program—aimed at increasing the federal government's visibility in Quebec—at \$332 million between 1994 and 2004. The overwhelming bulk of that money—\$284 million—went through various communications agencies that have been at the heart of the inquiry. Bask's \$1.75-million allegations notwithstanding, the auditors found that companies tied to the sponsorship program made a total of \$768,536 worth of donations—official and above board—to the Liberal party. At the same time, some agencies charged hefty commissions simply for posting on advertising work carried out by subcontractors. In one case, a job that one major subcontractor did amounting to \$12 to \$17 an hour ultimately cost the government almost \$250 per hour. More than \$1 million was paid to ensure federal government visibility at events that never took place. After he left his job as the top businessman running the sponsorship program, Chuck Gault made close to \$900,000 in consulting fees from the agencies.

Other testimony last week saw confirmation that Guy Chevigny, a close friend of the prime minister, was at the time in contact with a former public works minister, Alfred Gagliano, and the man identified in earlier testimony as a key player in the finances of the Liberal party's Quebec wing. "In all honesty," Mondello told the commission, he was no party boss, just a mere volunteer. He was not collecting money, just selling \$500 tickets to cocktail parties. He held court at Chateau Frontenac in Quebec City, where visitors heard a push to his table or bar about the sponsorship program, but he never pointed the influence that could have stemmed from his friendship with the honorable Gagliano.

Mondello admitted only to having pocketed \$5,000 in cash "offered" by Bask to help finance an attempt by Bask's Corbett, former head of the federal Liberals' Quebec wing, to win a municipal election. And to placing a call—just once—to Gagliano's office. That, he said, was to help Jacques Corbeil, a Jean Chrétien informant, with two "small" sponsorship ventures. Two former presidents of the party's Quebec wing have testified that Corbeil gave close to \$700,000 in cash to help ridings finance election campaigns. Corbeil, who had testified earlier, was heated back in front of the commission last week to face those allegations. "Fibonacci, childish lies," he said, again.

And then there was the spin from the two firms who succeeded Gagliano as public works—Don Bradley and current Finance Minister Ralph Goodale. Bradley's contention that his department fine-tuned the RCMP in 2002 to possible wrongdoing in the

**MORE than \$1 million  
was paid to ensure  
federal government  
visibility at events that  
never took place**

sponsorship program was illustrated by commission lawyer Bernard Roy. Another general Charles Fraser was the one who called the cops, Roy noted, before challenging with a fact that Fraser was fired after only four months on the job—because he had stayed at a cottage owned by Claude Baskin, whose commission near firm Groupe Ennort valued at \$677 million in sponsorship contracts. Goodale took over the portfolio in May 2002. "Go in there, find out what's wrong and fix it," were his marching orders from Chrétien, he said. Goodale fired the sponsorship program and ultimately fired the ad agencies.

As if there hasn't been enough dark hair in the inquiry, the auditors referred to one sponsorship scheme that involved placing glossy pages of Canadian wildlife in Quebec newspapers. One featured a bull "Canada" logo, along with a picture of... a skunk. Could that have meant something in the Quebec context? No, as one commission lawyer joked, "A skunk is a skunk, in any language."



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# COMING OUT OF HIDING

Former child star Nathalie Simard tells her sordid tale of abuse

IT WASN'T the sort of comeback a former singing sensation usually dreams of. Nathalie Simard, the Quebec child star of the '80s, had grown up with a secret—one that had been buried up for 25 years. The one smoldering during her singing career had become a hell. Abused by her music manager Guy Cloutier—the man who had turned Simard and her brother, René, into the Dorely and Marie of Quebec entertainment. Those infamous revelations, and Simard's rise to a different kind of prominence, came last week after a Quebec judge granted the former singer's request and lifted a publication ban on the case against Cloutier.

The 65-year-old diagnosed transsexual star, who emerged many of the big name runs in Quebec from the '70s to the '90s, pleaded guilty in November to abusing Simard and another victim, in Simard's case for over a year. But a 10-year prison sentence didn't take away any of the pain. Simard needed to tell her story. And she also wanted Cloutier to pay. In fact, immediately after revealing her identity in connection to the case, Simard launched a \$1.2-million civil suit against Cloutier and his former company (now sold to his daughter, who has denounced him)—to cover medication, treatment, lost revenue and suffering. Before the criminal charges were laid, Cloutier had already given Simard an estimated \$1 million, following a claim worth \$400,000.

What followed the judge's decision last week was a calculated media blitz. Simard gave an hour-long exclusive TV interview



Simard is finally speaking out during what seemed like busy times (above) with Cloutier and brother René

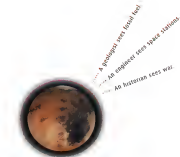
to Montreal's TV on a exchange for \$300,000 donation to a foundation for sex-abuse victims that's planning to start. The TV network, owned by the media empire Quebecor Inc., came under fire from critics for the payout, because it resembles tabloid tactics common in British and U.S. celebrity journalism. "It's a business transaction," says Lou Saver, a professor of journalism ethics at Carleton University. "The money is maybe going to charity, but the way that money is changing hands means the interview has entered into a different realm from that of questions put by journalists to someone who's in the spotlight. It's information, not journalism."

The story was further muddled by the fact that a 12-page spread appeared in Quebecor's *Journal de Montréal* the day after the TV special, while the media empire's publishing house, *Libre Expression*, is rumored to have secured the rights to a book deal. "By giving the money away, she can maybe feel good

about it," says Sweet. "But those of us concerned about the professional practice of journalism might not feel so good."

As it turned out, Simard, now a 35-year-old stay-at-home single mother, sounded even cynical critics with her pose during the TV interview. "Today, I've lived the veil," she said. "Silence gives extraordinary protection to the delinquents and predators that surround our children." Simard said that her decision to come out after a quarter-century was heavily influenced by the fact she has an 11-year-old daughter—the same age that she was when the abuse began. "My daughter awakes every thing in me," she said. "To see her little child's body, to see her getting out of the bath and wiggle all the words and acts found in my 30th so small. And I was so small."

Except for a few stints on Quebec TV and a part in a 2003 film, *Stances Nord*, Simard has remained almost completely out of the public eye since her career floundered in the late '90s. In fact, it's been more than 10 years since she's made by headlines. The last time, in 1994, she and a boyfriend (they later married) pleaded guilty to attempted insurance fraud and mischief. Simard was fined \$1,000, after it was discovered that the couple had staged a break-in at their condo for more than \$15,000 in insurance money. Last week brought another provocative return to the spotlight—one that revealed how much she has suffered.



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**THE FIRST THING** you notice opening the door to Les Black's classroom is the smell. It's a dank, earthy aroma from a dozen potted plants perched on shelves or suspended from the ceiling. Sunlight filters through a row of wood-framed windows onto the 27 fourth-graders. A boy standing at the front relates the story of his grandfather's life, impressing upon his audience that the old man did not always act within the letter of the law. His classmates squirm in their seats. Some fiddle with pencils. One boy thoughtfully carves a papier-mâché snake resting on

his desk. Behind the professor is a chalkboard and, above it, the age-old series of placards displaying the alphabet, exquisitely drawn in cursive form.

This scene in a private school in the Toronto suburb of Thornhill is not unlike thousands of others across Canada. But wait a minute—something is strangely amiss. Where are the keyboards? Where are the darkened screens framed by dull grey plastic? The tangle of cables cascading over the backs of the tables? How strange: a classroom without a gigabyte in sight, not even on the teacher's desk. How will these children ever get by? How will their teacher ever get by? How is a love of learning?

It's never been easier for kids to get their fingertips on a keyboard or to cruise cyberspace. Statistics Canada reports three out of four households with school-aged children regularly access the Internet, and a growing number of sites are turning to high-speed connections. Our schools now have about a million computers, 93 percent of which are online. Although we already boast a 5:1 ratio of students to computers (compared to an average of 10:1 in the developed world), the push is on in many districts to equip each middle- and high-school student with a wireless laptop. With homes and classrooms crisscrossing with rou-

ts and modems, anyone missing the digital impulse seems either hopelessly naive or in a state of downright denial.

Yet, in bucking the trend, the Toronto Waldorf School—home to Les Black's class—is arguably doing its students a favour. While computers clearly have a place in education (Waldorf introduces them in Grade 9), the evidence is mounting that our obsessive use of information technology is stunting us down, adults as well as kids. While they can be engaging and successful tools for learning—if used in moderation—computers and the Internet can also distract kids from homework, encourage superficial and uncritical thinking, replace face-to-face interaction between students and teachers, and lead to compulsive behaviour.

At least some seem to recognize the problem. Fifteen-year-old Colin Johnson of Toronto sits down at his computer at 4 most afternoons. He whizzes through his homework in half an hour, and then starts surfing, gaming and chatting with friends on MSN (well, I am, when he goes to bed). The tenth grader is failing science, but attributes getting by “21 percent” to a lot more than before, he says, acknowledging that “everybody’s marks suffer to some degree” if they spend as much time as he does online.

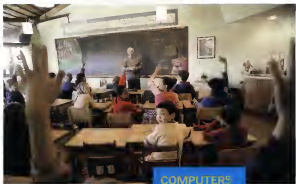
**PERHAPS** the most persuasive evidence for taking a more critical view is a broad-reaching and rigorous study published last November. University of Munich economists Thomas Fuchs and Ludwig Woessman analyzed the results of the OECD’s PISA, an international standardized test. Not only did they dig into a massive subject pool—174,000 15-year-olds in reading, 97,000 each in math and science from 34 countries (including Canada)—but they were also able, because participants filled out an amazingly detailed survey, to control for other possible outside influences, something remarkably few studies do. Their results, which are only now filtering to make waves among pedagogy experts, confirm what many parents have long assumed: the sheer ubiquity of information technology is getting in the way of learning. Once household income and the wealth of a school’s resources are taken out of the equation, teens with the greatest access to computers and the Internet at home and school earn the lowest test scores.

At school, the economists found, some exposure to computers seems beneficial. For instance, students who never or rarely use the Internet and computers in the classroom don’t do as well as those who make moderate use of them. But the difference in achievement levels is significant in math

# HOW COMPUTERS make our kids stupid

There's growing evidence, writes SUE FERGUSON, that too much cyber-time dumbs down our children





and science only, not in reading. And those same computer-literate students outperform peers who frequently access the technology. The optimal level for computer and Internet use at school, Fuchs and Westerman suggest, is pretty low, somewhere between "a few times a year" and "several times a month." Seventeen-year-old Tito McAlister has some ideas why that may be so. By Grade 7, the Trinidad student was aware that friends at other schools were more computer-savvy than he. [McAlister had limited use of his father's home-office computer at the time.] Upsetting to that was to learn that, four years later, he has caught up. And "looking back," he says, "I thought I didn't have them in school. Anything I would have learned from a computer, I'm sure I learned better from a teacher."

**IRENE FREEDMAN** is Brooklyn Elementary School's resident technology guru. The 63-year-old teacher first introduced computers to her Delhi, B.C., classroom in the early 1980s. She's since facilitated the installation of the school's computer lab, designed the school's website, led countless workshops for teachers, and spent two years as an e-learning consultant for her district. Now in the last of 39 years of teaching, Freedman lists every

opportunity to get her first graders on the road to becoming successful technologists. Along with twice-a-week trips to the lab, her 23 six- and seven-year-olds spend a chunk of each day in front of the big hand-me-down computer in her classroom, where they navigate a selection of educational software and Internet sites. Freedman estimates she delivers about a quarter of the curriculum in this way. "In September, we talk about the parts of the computer," she says. "We have to put your left hand, your right hand—and they play games with the alphabet." By the end of the school year, the children (who have already used computers in kindergarten, though not as extensively) can, among other things, write stories, draw pictures and insert them in documents, build geometric patterns, organize their thoughts (with the help of a graphics program called Inspiration

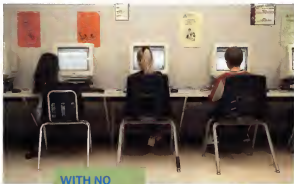
In Black's class, kids use good old-fashioned pens, pencils, papers and paper

**COMPUTERS**  
can distract kids from homework, encourage superficial thinking and replace contact between students and teachers

that prompts them to "write," or connect, their ideas), and even create slides for a PowerPoint presentation. Freedman's convinced that computers help students master the alphabet, reading and writing more quickly than they would in a traditional environment where they navigate a selection of educational software and Internet sites.

Proponents of the kids really benefit, she notes, "so they're motivated to learn." The computer is frequently cited by educators as the great motivator. "It's not that you couldn't teach without it," says Brooke principal Barbara Hogg, "but it moved everything in our power to keep kids engaged." More significantly, however, PCs are part of their world. If schools failed to integrate computers into the curriculum, she insists, "we'd be missing a huge part of their life—it would be like not including physical education in the school day."

Yet the socioeconomic and ethnic diversity of the district are a challenge. At Black's, which is located in a solidly middle-class neighborhood, parents are helping foot the \$10,000 cost of an upgrade to



**WITH NO**  
classroom computers, would the missing a huge part of their life—it would be like not including physical education?

the lab this spring, which added 14 computers for a total of 32. And although some have questioned the school's priorities (especially its spending on "all aspects of school life," says Hogg), he has been cut back in recent years, the students' current level and sophistication of his own assets they need to be working at their own screens. "They're way beyond sharing."

The push for more—more machines, more speed, more software—can take on a life of its own. In Black's lab and classroom PCs like those at Brooke school are considered outdated—no that's different from someone saying to install an eight-track tape player in a 2000 sports car. According to Ron Rubenstein, superintendent of schools for B.C.'s Central Okanagan district, students don't get enough time in labs, he stresses in a report released earlier this year, "Technology Unplugged," and classroom models are outdated. "It ignores that they may already be too equipped to fully accommodate student learning." The wave of the future is

their own laptop computers. Rubenstein's confidence is born of a recently impressive stack of research. When 1,150 Grade 6 and 7 students in B.C.'s Prince George North school district were given their own Apple iBooks for a month, writing skills improved (especially among students whose teachers were more experienced with the technology), and the achievement gap between girls and boys, and between non-Aboriginal and Aboriginal students, narrowed. Studies from Quebec, Maine and Maryland, where Brooke have been used for a few years, back up these results. Wireless laptops distributed on a one-to-one basis,

wireless laptops which, although "early," will lead "to an improved focus on teaching and learning," he predicts. That's the same reasoning behind the province's \$2.1-million program to equip each child in school Grade 3 to 12 classrooms, never full with

concludes Rubenstein—whose middle and high school students are part of the province's initiative—are "revolutionizing education."

Now surely that should silence the critics—the parents, educators and others who have, over the years, objected to the massive outlay of cash on what they regard as unproven machines. (No one has kept tabs in Canada, but in the U.S., one estimate puts the federal expenditure on digitizing schools at nearly \$6 billion a year.) Still, rather than clanking up in the face of such persuasive evidence, the opposition, like a dog with a bone, has grown bolder—and has its own growing body of contrarian evidence, including the March economist's study. "This system," says Allan Armstrong, Toronto co-author of 1999's *The Child and the Machine: Why Computers May Not Our Children's Education at All*. "There's no compelling evidence that computers help develop intellectual or emotional intelligence in any way."

South of the border, the Alliance for Childhood, a group of 60 health, child-development, education and technology experts, has asked for a moratorium on new computers for preschool and elementary classrooms. In its report "Red's Childhood: A Critical Look at Computers in Childhood," the Alliance argues, "We do not

All of Freedman's first graders make two trips a week to Brooke Elementary's computer lab



know what the consequences of such a machine-driven education in adulthood will be. But we suspect that they will include a narrower and more shallow range of intellectual insights, a stunting of both social and technical imagination, and a drag on the productivity that accrues from imaginative leaps. In short, a high-tech agenda for children seems likely to erode our most precious long-term intellectual resources—our children's minds."

Meanwhile, the March economists found that on the home front, kids without a PC do better than those with one or more. This change only when specific computer uses are taken into account. Educational software, email and web page access—and this will come as no surprise—are associated with higher achievement: than gaming or chat rooms, precisely the activities on which teens spend the most time. Or, as a new British Department for Education and Skills document advocating e-learning puts it, boosting up at home can be beneficial, "but not merely pupils have yet integrated such uses with their school experiences."

So, it's quite simple, really. There's no harm in buying your teen his own computer and dedicated Internet access, so long as you're confident that the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, and not an online game of Doom, will keep him glued to the screen. And while American author Steven Johnson argues in his new book, *Everything Bad Is Good for You*, that video games and certain popular TV shows are making the next generation smarter (because their multi-layered, unscripted soap-opera plots affluents under used neural pathways), that sort of virtual multitasking doesn't live in its drawbacks. Not only, as Fuchs and Woessmann argue, can recreational use be a distraction, crowding out time spent on homework, but use becomes addict, and once you're hooked, it's harder to get away. According to a University of London study commissioned by Hewlett-Packard, the constant interruption of e-mail, cell-phone calls lowers a person's IQ by 10 points—more than double the four-point drop that results from smoking a joint.

One main drawback to "integrating" their school work with their home computer use, the British government report goes on to suggest, is that "teachers do not have direct control over what pupils do outside school hours." In many ways, that goes to the heart



**"I'M GLAD I didn't have computers in school. Anything I'd have learned from one, I'm sure I learned better from a teacher."**

of the issue. Computer doesn't, on their own, diminish down. But so long as schools treat computers as if they are indispensable, and teachers continue to assign homework that either requires or assumes research will be carried out on the web, kids will inevitably be pulled into gaming, chat rooms and other distractions. This, as Woessmann and Fuchs have shown, bodes poorly for their achievement levels. It also arguably interferes with their capacity for deep and sustained reading, thinking and understanding—a point *Everything Bad Is Good for You* author Johnson eventually comes around to acknowledging. "Now for the bad news," he writes at the end of his book. "Complicated, sequential world of operation, where each generation builds on the previous one, and where an idea can take on entire chapter to develop, are not well suited to life on

the computer screen." And it's not just the students who are looking out. Heather Martin, author of the recently published *Heaven Street and the Crime of Madeline Taff*, and York University sociology professor Newson surveyed 100 faculty members from

six of the country's universities. About a third of them reported that some memory problems and difficulties concentrating, which they link to the digital revolution. Seventy per cent said that rather than read deeply, reflectively and broadly, they can for viable bits of information. What's more, the overabundance of e-mail is affecting their interactions with students and colleagues, making communication more "superficial" and less personal.

AS FOR WHY kids with a surfeit of school computer don't perform as well as others,

At the Toronto Waldorf School, children don't get access to computers and Grade 5

Fuchs and Woessmann suggest what Waldorf student McMaster suspects about his own experience: time spent at the screen may crowd out personal interaction with teachers and creativity. They're referring to the 15-year-olds in their study, but in an interview, Fuchs speculates that younger children whose lessons depend exclusively on computers suffer even more. "It would suggest that for the standard literacy of nine-year-olds, very frequent computer use at school could have a more severe effect, since the learning of reading requires a lot of interaction between teachers and students." The general message of the *Communism* is this: at home and at school, computers may well have a time and a place, but not just any place and any time. At Canadian schools, eagerly embrace the new wave of e-learning—and PCs, laptops and the Internet become as common as pencils and erasers in every child's grade—it's not clear that message is getting through.

All this makes it harder to access the staff at the Toronto Waldorf School of being either more or living in denial. "We're not Luddites or anti-computer," says the Toronto school's faculty chair, Todd Royer. "But we are for introducing important technologies at the right time in the development of children." The right time for computers, he says, arrives at Grade 6, when students move from a purely sensual, experiential curriculum to a more abstract, conceptual level of learning. According to the Waldorf approach—first espoused by Austrian philosopher and scientist Rudolf Steiner in 1919—the elementary years are for engaging children with natural phenomena, like gardens, animals and light. The child is expected to store such encounters in her memory and, from an accumulation of experiences, create and test her own concepts. In experiencing (as opposed to intellectualizing) the world, says Royer, students learn to develop their capacities for wonder, interest, reverence and love—a key step in "building their intellect on a check so that they can deal with it responsibly."

Computers are of no use in this process. "They don't present us with phenomena," he explains. "They present us with some thing that is pre-digested—a concept of something" created by someone else. For the same reason, textbooks are also scarce in Waldorf classrooms. The children write and illustrate their own records of what they've learned using good, old-fashioned pens, pencils, crayons and paper. This process, says Royer, goes a long way toward building a child's self-esteem—a task, the Waldorf elementary curriculum puts front and centre in the belief that a student's life should develop from emotional and moral maturity.

Leaving a child lost in cyberspace (where every million new web pages are created every day before they're developed during time of self, he says, "can extend them beyond their capacity to understand.") They lack the maturity to deal with it responsibly. Obsessive use of the Internet is a prime example. Not only can gaming and chat rooms distract a kid from homework, but more than 30 per cent of students show signs of compulsive Internet use, experts say. In such cases, students' University of Calgary computer scientist Tim Kasser, compares themselves are not to blame. "There's always something to talk kids away from judging. They're young, at universities, it was bridge." But when social games require some effort

## Medical research VS. our health: who wins?



Miriam Shuchman looks closely at the scandal that erupted around Nancy Olivieri and her controversial human drug trial at the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto. In her new book *The Drug Trial*, she asks what does it mean for our health when scientists, drug companies, and medical institutions clash over medical research? Whose interests are being served?

to continue, the Internet is "obnoxious and cheap," he adds. And in the absence of parental supervision, "it's always ready for you, always friendly, always happy. It's the crack cocaine of the 21st century—a point some kids are well aware of." "MMORPGs" (massive multi-player online role-playing games) "are highly addictive," notes Toronto teen Colin Johnson. "A lot of people have screwed up their lives playing them." In fact, one Sony product, EverQuest, is so addictive it creates characters using "a powerful customization system for unprecedented player individuality," according to the company's website, a widely known as EverQuest.

Even more troubling, notes Royce, is that the things kids read and see online create their imagination. The recent incident at Reynolds George College—in which two boys (one Jewish) at the Toronto private school spent nine Semitic insults at a classroom participant, and (a member for four Jewish girls from another private school)—is a case in point. Not only did one of the students pick up some of the most vocabulary from surfing the web in the first place, but it's not clear he fully understood the impact of posing his diatribe on the Internet. In a cyberworld glided with undisciplined and inhuman, students desperately need to be able to distinguish valid information from hate propaganda and other irresponsible messages. In light of such incidents, it doesn't seem entirely groundless when Royce suggests, "The force of thinking is like the power of the gods that we build in our hands. We have the power to do incredible things, both for good and evil. It's a force that needs to be protected within humanity."

The Waldorf schools' 100 high school students share a modest 37-unit lab for a limited menu of courses—math, programming and business. Inevitably, one of a child's character is more fully formed, Royce hopes his students will understand computers for what they are, a tool, and use them responsibly. Student McElwain does much of his homework on the PC he recently bought for himself, and acknowledges that the allure of

surfing, downloading music and e-mail was usually a distraction. But he started to feel guilty, his marks were dropping, and, he says, "that got me to get on top of it."—with our parental nagging. Chosen to Royce's standard from the public system, the Waldorf school in Grade 9. "I close all other programs so I don't get distracted when I do my homework," he says. A one-time video game aficionado, he sold all his games in January 1998, 12 used to his school environment with this device. "In Waldorf, we rarely play games," he says. "If I still went to a public school, I'm pretty sure I'd still be playing."

As for the standard materials for dipping into the classroom, Royce has out of his

know-how, which can be picked up on the job. Add to this evidence cited by Pacha and Woodman that computer skills have no substantial impact on an employee's wages, while math and writing abilities do, and Royce's gloom response gains credibility.

**DELTA TEACHER** Irene Freeman is also a big believer in hands-on, experiential learning. The first week of May, her class spent a morning making strawberry jam for Mother's Day, arranging baby food jars of preserves in baskets fashioned out of berry containers woven with strips of coloured paper, topped off with a homemade tied-to-mouse or keyboarding required (except

## IT'S NOT

just video games that's taking without them, but the things every child in our power to keep kids engaged!



Corey Anderson, 11, breaks gets a quarter of his Grade 1 curriculum at the computer

recy of our responses. "To the extent that the world is full of computers and schools need to be relevant to children's lives." The world's full of all kinds of things—entertainment, sexuality, and we have appropriate rules and places for all those aspects of our lives—but early engagement is an asset. Don't kids get nervous about lessons presented on a computer? "Sure," he responds. "It's an addictive medium." Okay, what about helping students gain the skills they need to get a job? "Our goals go every where and anywhere."

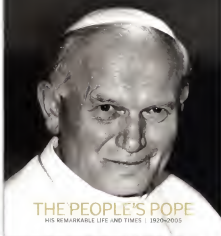
This last rebuttal is less impressive when you consider that Waldorf is a private school with tuition fees between \$11,000 and \$12,000. Most of its students, in other words, are going to be ahead of the curve by virtue of their advantaged background. But it's also the case that a 2005 survey of Canadian corporate leaders who they look for in new hires consistently emphasized self-discipline, an inquiring mind and loyalty over technical

for Freeman, who found the design for the cards on the web). But even experiential learning can be digitized. For one previous project, her students studied Helen Keller, which Freeman then lamented. After writing about where they found each leaf and what kind of tree it dropped from (using Microsoft's Talking Tree Word software), the students mailed their work to donors of other North American schools participating in the same project. In return, says Freeman, "we got some unusual looking leaves—from trees like the sugarcane in Florida." The experience "didn't replace books," she stresses. "We started by reading *The Giving Tree* by Shel Silverstein," and ended by looking up the leaves they were sent in reference books.

It's hard to see much harm in such judicious use of technology. But for every positive example, there's another troubling one. Of course we hope our kids will discover that music, art and writing are useful educational tools. But as we allow curricula and computers to creep up ever closer, we risk letting technology run the show. □

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## RUMBLINGS OF RECESSION

Obscure indices don't bode well for the economy—or for Paul Martin

WHENEVER I FEEL I'm getting just a touch too sunny, and leaving the present dangers required to be a professional killer, I turn to Rob Hays. The Vancouver-based financial analyst and economic forecaster can always be counted on to provide helpful reminders of the various dangers and warning signs that lurk around every corner. Nobody can be a bear, but Hays brings to his job a gleeful enthusiasm and a deep understanding of some of the most obscure economic indicators in the world. That's why he's widely read

and respected, though perhaps not widely loved, on both sides of the border.

And so a couple of weeks ago, it seemed time to check in with Hays' blog. The headlines were heralding a drop in the price of oil and easing fears of an energy shortage. Liberal cabinet ministers were dancing at an Ottawa bash, celebrating the narrow victory in the critical budget/creditline vote. The Canadian dollar was rising, and North American stock markets were rebounding for the first time in weeks. To the casual observer, there were few signs of trouble.

Against that cheery backdrop, Hays released a couple of reports under the headline "The Next Recession Has Started." Obviously, the reports focused on prices for commodities such as oil, lumber, iron, etc. Basic materials are important measures of

the strength of the world economy because, when the wheels of commerce are humming and factory owners are optimistic about the future, they buy raw materials and the prices rise. When they get nervous, they buy less and prices drop. From 2002 until only this year, commodity prices surged higher, reflecting the good-to-bubble economic rebound. But in the past few months, prices have been breaking down.

Take copper, for example. It's such a reliable bellwether that some analysts call it the commodity version of the Dow Jones, and lately it has been producing tougher times ahead. Between mid-April and mid-May, the price of copper plunged by 11 per cent. There are other signs of concern too, Hays says, like the fact that investors have recently been dropping corporate bonds in favour of government securities, a sure sign

that the market is getting more risk averse.

Then there's the Baltic Dry Index, an obscure measure that tracks the cost of shipping commodities on various sea routes. It's an increasingly reliable gauge of worldwide trade because the more cargo that moves, the more expensive it is to buy space on ships. So the Baltic index generally tumbles on the first signs of a slowdown in world trade. The index hit a yearly high in April 18 and plunged 34 per cent over the next month.

Weakness in commodities and export markets is especially troubling for Canada because a disproportionate amount of our national workload comes from selling iron and steel to other countries. And it could have some interesting implications for the political war opera now playing out on Parliament Hill. In his recent report, Hays noted

the recent budget vote, he was essentially making a bet that the Liberals will be better positioned to win an election in six or seven months than they are today. But if Canada is heading for a money economy turn, that doesn't do duty until next winter could prove to be a painful miscalculation.

We know that Canada's elections are decided on issues and the economy. We know that the number 3 vote right now is ineptitude, and thanks to the weekly bomb shell from the Gomery inquiry, that doesn't favour the Liberals. We also know that management of the economy and fiscal prudence are the only aspects of the Martin trade record that he's been, until now, unsailable. But the desperate race-and-spend duels are back to save Martin's majority against the PM, for the first time, to citizens that he's being irresponsibly profligate to buy the support of the NDP and provincial greens like Baring Wilkins and Dalton McGuinty. If, as Hays predicts, the economy slows, people start losing their jobs, and the federal surplus suddenly doesn't seem so large or secure, Martin will look like the

guy who squandered Canada's wealth to save his own skin.

None of this will be easily won, though. The forecast is for a spring to slow Canada's economy, but not to the point of a full-blown recession. It's a good bet that the economy will be in a state of flux for some time to come.

But just because it isn't over doesn't mean it won't be an election-day web which to crack Martin.

"When your government is falling apart, and the present seems so terrible, you have little choice but to believe tomorrow will be better. But I doubt if a PM has consulted the Baltic Dry Index lately, and no one seems to have faced the most frightening question of all: The Liberals might think this is a bad time for an election, but what if things get worse instead of better?"

Steve Mach's writings, "All Business," at [www.macleans.ca/allbusiness/](http://www.macleans.ca/allbusiness/)

**IF CANADA** is heading for a messy economic turn, the decision to delay an election until next winter could prove to be a fateful miscalculation by the Liberals

While musing on Ottawa that Paul Martin's Liberals would do well to consider "Politics goes to the left [in Canada] during booms and, with the severity of the consequent recession, trends back to the centre," he says "Canada is about 15 years overdue on political reform; and, in that interval, the governing classes have become even more power mad and corrupt. The next recession could prompt a massive political reform."

Now Hays is obviously letting his ideological roots show with that statement, but he has an interesting point: Martin decided to pull out all the stops to serve

# A LAND OF LITTLE HOPE

In the wake of the recent violence, MICHAEL PETROU reflects on Uzbekistan

I FIRST SERIOUSLY considered visiting Uzbekistan five years ago, while sitting on the balcony of a clubhouse in the remote western Chinese city of Xisha. A friend and I had spent several weeks traversing the arid Silk Road thousands of kilometers across northern China. Below us, the dusty stream wound with people from the many clans and tribes of Central Asia. Uighur, Kazakh and Kyrgyz nomads and traders had all come into the city for a weekly market day, and their tents, flocks of sheep and camel caravans sprawled for miles outside of town. The only Chinese faces were soldiers and police.

We had arrived at a crossroads. In Xisha, the old Silk Road trading route that for centuries linked Europe with Asia split in two directions. One branch headed south and traversed the roof of the world across the Pamir and Karakoram mountains to reach the lush and profitable Indian subcontinent. Westward, across another mountain range, lay Uzbekistan and its mythical cities of Bokhara and Samarkand, home to Alexander the Great with its beauty more than 2,000 years ago, and later flourishing as a center of Islamic scholarship and trade during the heyday of the Silk Road. Bokhara once housed so many schools and mosques that an old proverb claimed, "The sun does not shine on Bokhara. It is Bokhara that shines on the sun." In recent centuries, following the Silk Road's decline, slave raiders and bandits struck north from Bokhara to capture and sell Russian prisoners.

Now both outside Central Asia had seen these cities, and former Uzbekistan was a land-escape of dreams. But gazing there seemed impossible. Strung on the clubhouse balcony, I put away my maps. The next day we caught a bus heading south to Pakistan, but I couldn't help glancing my eyes at the jagged mountains looming to the west and feeling a sharp pang of regret.

A YEAR LATER, jet-lagged and bleary-eyed, I scribbled off a piece in the Uzbek capital of Tashkent. Terrorism had blown hijacked

aircraft into the World Trade Center, and the United States and Russia were at war against the Taliban in Afghanistan. I was now a reporter for a Canadian newspaper dispatched to cover the conflict. Tashkent was as close to Afghanistan as I could initially go.

The Uzbek capital was nothing like Tashkent I imagined. Gray and dreary Soviet-style apartment blocks perched the dusty skyline. Propaganda posters depicted Uzbekistan's president, Islam Karimov, often near state

terrorism disasters and has reportedly killed prisoners alive. Karimov himself has declared, "I'm prepared to rip off the heads of 200 people, to sacrifice their lives, in order to save peace and calm in the republic. If my child does such a path, I would rip off his head myself."

Not surprisingly, when I interviewed Uzbekis in 2001 about their government, their answers were clipped, wooden and invariably praised Karimov. "They're afraid

from across the Muslim world, especially Saudi Arabia, the Gulf States and Pakistan, poured into Central Asia, bringing with them money, Islamic literature and a radical version of Islam.

Instead of supporting Uzbekistan's indigenous Islamic revival, Karimov arrested hundreds of ordinary Muslims, closed mosques and religious schools, and labelled all pious Muslims opposed to his regime "Wahabists," the name of the extremist Islamic movement originating in Saudi Arabia. "The result of these repressive policies has been the growth of society what Karimov feared: extremist Islamic militancy," Ahmed Rashid wrote in his 2002 book, *Inside The War of Afghanistan*.

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and images of the newly rehabilitated medieval giant Timur the Lame, or Tamerlane. Tamerlane conquered much of Central Asia in the 14th and 15th centuries and murdered several hundred thousand people along the way. After capturing a city, he is said to have enjoyed building massive pyramids made of his victims' skulls.

Tamerlane and Karimov are not an unlikely couple. Karimov has ruled Uzbekistan with an iron fist since the breakup of the Soviet Union. He tolerates no dissent, and is quick to brand any opposition to be rule as Islamic terrorism. His regime regularly

in my anything official," my translator told me, but this was already apparent. Few persons in Uzbekistan, we might say, are people like a bad hagover.

Karimov is particularly tight about one thing, however: There is no growing Islamic movement in Uzbekistan. But the danger is as much to Islam as anyone for its emergence. Traditional Islam in Central Asia is influenced by Sufism, a form of Islamic mysticism that urges tolerance of other religions and direct communication with God, without the intervention of middlemen or scholars. But when the Soviet Union broke up, outsiders

the most powerful militant Islamic group operating in Central Asia today, can be directly linked to Karimov's refusal to allow Muslims to practice their religion and his extreme attitude to all religious expression as political dissent.

On May 13, it appears this suppressed dissent finally boiled over. About 30 men in the eastern city of Andijan seized a police station and military garrison, before attacking a local prison where they freed scores of inmates, including 23 local lawmakers accused of Islamic extremism. The inmates, who had taken hostages, were joined

Karimov probably blamed the violence on Islamic extremists. He is a staunch U.S.-ally President George W. Bush makes a lot of noise about spreading democracy around the world. But democracy isn't coming to Uzbekistan any time soon.

In 2006, I left Tashkent after only a couple of days and made my way overland across Uzbekistan and Tajikistan and into Afghanistan. After a month, I returned my route back to Uzbekistan—2300 lighter due to a severe case of unmeted dysentery and badly shaken up after three of my journal-

ists the work on Karimov's recent build ups. He was full of good humor, and encouraged me to walk three times around a small monument—a gesture he promised would ensure that children. Before I left, Karimov pressed several gifts into my hands, but because he was as poor as almost all Uzbekis, these were merely chips of modern life and glass he was preparing to affix to the crumbling walls of ancient mosques. Karimov made me promise not to forget him. I haven't. But I wonder what will become of him in a country that offers so little hope.

The funeral for one of the victims of the bloodshed in Andijan. The left: a view of Samarkand's Old City, Karimov, who once insisted that he is prepared to rip off the heads of 200 people in order to save peace and calm.



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Housing | BY KATHERINE MCKLEM

## OLD HABITS, NEW TIMES

Pressed into pragmatism, a once-cloistered order of nuns now lives with lay folks

**IN THE FRONT** row of the exercise class, Sister Marguerite swings her habit and raises her up to a golf rock 'n' roll tune coming from a boom box strung on the edge of a raised garden bed. It's a beautiful spring day and the "we active" class is being held in the open-air courtyard of this retirement home in Hull that was once Sister Marguerite's convent—but now houses both religious and lay residents. With the face of an angel—an older angel, mind you, with lines of age rather than smooches—Sister Marguerite is one of the spryest members of the group. Still, she's sensitive about her age. When another nun, Sister Rita, pipes up and, with a backward throw of her trunk, announces to the nun in white is 95 years old, Sister Marguerite is simply lost. "Not true!" she insists, almost pouting. At the end of the session a few minutes later, she reveals the truth: while she recently celebrated her 79th anniversary as a servant of God, Sister Marguerite is "only" 95.

There is a perception that nuns are creatures to be feared, especially among Catholics, lay and not. Many can remember enraging nuns in a classroom as "sluts" swept between the desks.

Shrugging a wooden ruler to top the knuckles of an angry student. Or the critical lecture of a Mother Superior who seemed to be peering directly into a teenager's soul, blackened by sin. Or the usage of a nun, hands pressed together, gliding in a flowing black habit along a corridor or like a ghost sweeping the floor. It's the stuff of nightmares.

But here, at the Residence Notre Dame de Hull, nuns reside comfortably with members of the Sisters of Charity of Ottawa, a Grey Nun congregation. The house is one of five refurbished religious properties across Quebec where nuns and priests live side by side with lay folk, sharing dining and other common meals. The work has been done by a private real estate company called Meller



Group, which owns and operates 15 senior's homes in total. More may be coming to the rest of Canada, as Meller recently struck a partnership deal with Chartwell Seniors Housing REIT, a Massachusetts, U.S.-based real estate firm that is also an owner and operator of seniors' residences.

But why would people up so late when could be the last stage of their lives in the home of an order of nuns? Night living with

the vision put them on a made truck in St. Peter's. And why would the nuns agree to open their cloistered convents to lay?

Facial with an aging and aging population, the Sisters of Charity of Ottawa (nuns needed to build) an infirmary, explains Sister Genevieve Valdeboncourt, the congregation's general treasurer. The nuns had a choice: take on the expansion themselves, or sell the property and hand over management to

Sisters join other residents in evening activities, from music to exercise classes



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## Housing | >

an outside organization. With the sale, agreed in 2000, the nuns struck a deal that part of the residence would be reserved for the sisters, and that the new owners would put in and staff a health care facility for nuns only, plus build a new chapel. "For the authorities," says Sister Gisèle, "there was an avant-garde move."

And for some of the nuns as well. Personally among those who hadn't worked outside the convent (many taught in public schools or worked in hospitals), the transition from a sequestered existence was difficult. "We were a bit afraid to lose our identity, our private life," says Sister Gisèle. "But we have engaged them." Soon, she says, the nuns found that their vacation or competition could be practiced at home, caring for elderly neighbours. "We realized that our mission was now clear: to us, in our house." Some nuns had concerns that their refurbished rooms, which were much larger than their original tiny cells, were too grand and that the attached private bathroom were too extravagant. With what came close to a week, Sister Gisèle says she doesn't hear too much complaining about that anymore.

Sister Gisèle is a woman with light. She's got gentle but alert eyes, and an open, intelligent face. With the spray of the retirement and the lack of new penitence, this is a temporary arrangement, she says. She doesn't say out loud that it's only a rest or a time before the nuns won't be asked to need the facility. With her pragmatism and acute management, she's won the respect of Jean Meynard, Melior Group's chairman and CEO, who sat across the table from her, negotiating the deal to turn the convent into seniors' residence. Earlier this month, they were at the table again, to review the order's lease. "She manages," he whispers, with some awe, "a team worth millions." Sister Gisèle declines, as a no-nonsense manager, to discuss the financial details of the order's arrangement with Melior, but says money was not the driving factor. "Handling administrative responsibilities was key. "We were ready to take the risk because this is the way of the future," she says. "Performance shows it was the right thing to do."

As for the previously cloistered nuns? "We were always in our convents and the doors were open, but closed," says Sister Rita. Now, while lots of nuns join at bingo and billiards, she says, there are still some who don't want to mix. Sister Rita, who says

it's been a lifelong dream for her to live with the lay, says Sister Marguerite, who moved to the residence in 2002, about something more quiet. Sister Marguerite explains she still always held back from close contact with men because she didn't want to threaten her faith. But here in the residence, there are monthly parties for everyone celebrating a birthday. And at the age of 98, at one of those birthday parties, Sister Marguerite danced with a man for the first time in her life. "At my age," she says, "there are no more worries about losing my faith."

For lay residents, developing their faith part of the attraction? It appears not. As in many real estate choices, the decision to live at the Residence Saint-Denis was, for 80-year-old Bouchard-Labé, based on location. Bouchard-Labé is a very woman of 80. A few years ago, with her sight failing, she won-

**THE nuns inhabit only part of their old convent. 'For the authorities,' says Sister Gisèle, "this was an avant-garde move."**

ned she'd have an accident, so she decided it was time to look for a seniors' home. She shopped around. Some were too dark, others too close to a cemetery—"not good for the morale," she remarks. Here, she found was good and the price competitive, but more importantly, it was the best located residence. Bouchard-Labé doesn't mention the status of Charity of Ottawa on her ledger of pros and cons of the various homes open to her, neither as an attraction nor as a deterrent. "Oh no, oh no," she says with certainty and a smile of her page-boy cut hair, "I didn't come here to live in a convent. We live but we don't live the life of a convent."

Collette Poirier, who's resided at the former convent for 25 years, agrees. "It's open and bright here—a welcome contrast," she says. "The nuns aren't the reason to come here. But it's a place to live with them." Sister Gisèle acknowledges there is a dark image of Catholic nuns. But when people get to know the sisters, the negative impression vanishes, she says. So far, at the Residence Notre-Dame-de-Hill, the chemistry between lay and religious residents has worked. "It's perhaps a revelation," she says, "that we're not that complicated."

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## MACLEAN'S

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# UNDEAD AND UNSEEN

Will those elusive vampires show up at a symposium dedicated to them?

**VAMPIRES, IT SEEMS,** like to keep a low profile. So much so that I couldn't persuade anyone claiming to be an actual representative of the bloodsucking undead to agree to an interview for this article—despite numerous requests posted on websites, requests to a handful of experts in the field, and visits to the Goth scene and club you'd expect vampires to patronize. The best I can offer is a few quotes lifted from the Scottish Goth magazine *Rite Me*, and seven and a half writers to a Dracula expert by self-proclaimed

vampires. The media, I guess, have given these creatures of the night a bad rap. We met them out as fodder for Halloween movies or, more harshly, unpleasant all the Goth's followers when a few psychopathic types overran a gothic event. In fact, I think the vast majority are harmless.

This week, a Toronto conference will shed light on the true nature of the so-called undead. North American vampirologists, academics, fans and, who knows, maybe a vampire or two, will attend the first ever Weekend with Dracula organized by the

Canadian chapter of the Transylvanian Society of Dracula. The Saturday afternoon panel, *Vampires Among Us?*, will explore what attracts people to the vampire lifestyle, the degree to which their unusual passion constitutes a public hazard, and other such conundrums. "Why not invite the vampire scene from within?" asks conference organizer and internationally renowned Dracula expert Elizabeth Miller. "It's been assumed from without often enough."

From writers? Must have been a slip of the tongue. It's true that, over the years, the

professor emerita at Memorial University of Newfoundland has encountered more than her fair share of vampires and, because the manuscript a Dracula website, is regularly mistaken for one (though in that case slippery, chance and blouse, then's little gothic culture about her). And in 1995, she was made Business of the House of Dracula. But that just means someone else picks up the tab when the vamps blossom, not that she has a taste for blood. Nor does she believe self-described vampires are anything other than people sucked into a fantasy. "If somebody really believes they're a vampire, the sure test is, shape-shift into a bat, fly across there," she says, pointing to the far wall of her compact living room in the Toronto condominium where she moved after retiring from the university.

Such vampire fantasies are, in fact, relatively



Most self-described vampires, such as Dracula expert, are worshippers who, dressed as, with a cape and plastic fangs, have been sucked into a fantasy world; the real thing would be able to shape-shift into a bat and fly off across the room.



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ness. There's a spectrum, says Miller, that starts with fans of vampire fiction and books. Next are those who embrace Dracula as a mild way. "They're just wannabes," she says. "They don't actually practice bloodletting, but they'll dress up, buy a cape, maybe get plastic fangs or even go to the dentist for 'permeos'—harmless role-playing. Then there are those who take the scene more seriously, and sleep in a coffin or drink blood. It's just a..." she pauses her lecture to make a little middle-finger, then laughs. "I can't think of it with a straight face." Of course, this sort of thing raises the spectre of sexually transmitted diseases, but it's not a concern, she adds, at least there are no common victims. "These people are still on the safe side of the line between reality and fiction. They're doing it, but they know ultimately they're not vampires."

Others do it. A census of the undead-enthusiast club in 2006 by the Vampire Empire, a New York-based organization for lovers of the genre, noted 272 people who said they were, or had previously been, vampires. Of these, 71 per cent admitted to drinking blood (from friends or themselves) or at least red drinks, 46 per cent would fangs and 64 per cent avoided sunlight, but just 12 per cent believed they'd live longer than the rest of us. Club founder and president Jennie Kaye Young, 30, who is speaking at the Toronto festival, says those underground vampire clubs on the Upper West Side while researching her 1997 book, *Private Piles of a Vampire's Life*. "They found a scabby, big dog," she says, "which they cut the neck of and drank its blood."

New York vampire Vlad told the *NY Times* an interview that as a doll he hangs around playgrounds and little girls. "I'll go and scoop their knees. Then he would 'go over and kiss their mouth... taking a little of their blood.' However, Vlad cautions, "Blood drinking is very special and should not be done because you think it is trendy or cool."

Young has little patience for such types. "The majority are nuts. I try to keep my group on a costume and literary level, rather than get involved with their crazy people." In fact, there is a psychiatric condition called Kerfuffle's Syndrome, named for the mentally damaged character in Brian Stoker's *Dracula* who craves spiders and bugs, believing them to be a life force. Those suffering from the syndrome have an erotic attraction to ingesting blood, which they see as a means of gaining immortality and other powers.

Miller has also brushed up against supposed vampires—once at a club where a man human, but mostly through lenses and masks. Thumbing through a stack four inches high, she pulls out one of the more disturbing samples. "There's a life in this body... let me come out of my shadow, let me enter the darkness of your world," writes a Montrealer, quoting the movie *Bram Stoker's Dracula*. Small dark splashes frame the



As far as Miller is concerned, the true vampires have jobs on Wall Street.

words. "They're blood, dried blood," notes Miller. "I had them checked." She moves on, raising a few misers from people returning related fiction. One is from a mother asking Miller, on her son's behalf, for Dracula's phone number. "So I emailed her back and said 'I've got an unlimited number,'" recalls a laughing Miller, who normally doesn't bother to respond. "The women were laughing for Dracula's email address instead. 'I'll have to look on the dot,'" she added. "I'll have to look on the dot for him." Miller relaxed in an aside, "You never know, it could be a couple of accused kids having a big laugh. Or it could be desperate housewife."

**ONE** underground vampire, often "found a scabby, big dog which they cut the neck of and drank its blood"

Wasn't he, or not, as one wants to be the vampire drawn from the film *Bram Stoker's Dracula*. He was "a bloated corpse that had just crawled out of the grave and still had the funeral shroud around him," says Miller. "He's apocalyptic." Today's sexy, misandrist open-appealment emerged out of the permissiveness and sexual liberation of the 1960s, she observes. By the 1970s, too widely read books further rehabilitated the fallen vampire of legend in a modern work suggesting Stoker's leading man was handsome and a little Prince Vlad Dracula from Transylvania—a theory Miller has discussed with the help of Stoker's papers—and the first of Anne Rice's vampire trilogy.

Vampires have joined "as mythology around the world since ancient times," notes Rosemary Ellen Guiley, an expert on the paranormal and supernatural who will read the "Vampire Symposium." Though she thinks vampires do exist, "I fully believe in angels, you have to allow for the existence of the demonic side"—the Marilyn author of 39 scholarly and self-help books says most modern ones are just people wrapped up in a fantasy cult. The genuine article is much rarer and possesses more occult powers. Some, she notes, have been discovered in Ontario. In the late 1960s, Ontario's National Museum of Man (now the Canadian Museum of Civilization) commissioned Jan Perkowski, a professor of Slavic languages and literature from Texas, to study Nashua folklore among the members of White, Ohio (Thomas Patis Nabholz found a Canadian folklore community Polish parish there in 1875). Perkowski's report, which included a story by an unnamed informant about a vampire drinking blood and marrow from a girl's arm, upset the locals, and was subsequently dismissed in the House of Commons. Today, even the web-based network *True Vampires* of Ontario suggests Perkowski's findings are "highly unlikely."

As for the agencies, the only real vampires are, as Young puts it, "the business and individuals who want to suck your brains and leave you exhausted." Miller has a sum for sale. While living in St. John's, she was approached by the *Wall Street Journal* for an interview about the Dracula theme park being debated in Romania. "I said, 'You've got enough vampires on Wall Street,'" she recounts. "What are you doing coming to Newfoundland looking for them?" *Wall Street* Now there's a place I didn't try. □

# WHEN JUSTIN MET SOPHIE

Behind the scenes as a Canadian prince marries his princess

AS A RULE, Canadians aren't anxious to celebrate our social elite. We don't celebrate Kennedys or Windsors—and you don't see us tripping over ourselves every time a prime minister's offspring passes his baton. But if, hypothetically, we were to design a quintessentially Canadian prince, he'd probably look something like Justin Trudeau, the eldest son of Pierre Trudeau, the country's first and only pop star prime minister. With his mother's good looks and jaw-dropping and his father's stretchy skeleton and blondest beard, *je ne sais quoi*, Justin is, for many, as close as it gets to Canadian royalty. Last weekend, in front of some 180 guests, Trudeau, 33, married his girlfriend, Sophie Grégoire, 30, in what was, by Canadian standards, a modest and appropriately under-the-radar ceremony. "It's just so happy," said Margaret Trudeau, mother of the groom. "The past two years my family has come to Montreal for family occasions. It's been emotionally stressful. This time it is joyful, so we're all savouring the fact that we're here to celebrate such happiness in our family."

As crowds and camera crews gathered outside the *Sainte-Madeleine d'Outremont* church, the bride donned her dress in the penthouse suite of Hotel Le St-James, a posh boutique establishment in Old Montreal. She made her entrance to cheers and applause, and some of the bridesmaids started to cry. Later, after going for photos,



the bride and groom walked down the aisle to the church in a 2004 Rolls Royce Phantom which, according to the chauffeur, is the only one of its kind in Canada (marriage price: about \$400,000). Following the ceremony, an intimate Catholic service in which the newlyweds handed the communion wafers to their respective families, they descended the church steps through a cordon of bagpipers, Mounties and jubilate guests.

Then they climbed into Pierre Trudeau's



The ceremony with 180 guests at *Sainte-Madeleine d'Outremont* church was sealed with a kiss. Later, the newlyweds celebrated with the government on their hotel suite's balcony



a romantic dinner, it was off to a dingy karaoke bar to sing Elton John and Beatles tunes at each other in a private booth. Outside, Trudeau, punch drunk on the remnants of a fall, walked head-on into a post. "I thought, 'Oh my God. You need,'" Grigore says, laughing. "And he kept explaining for 10 minutes, 'Sofie, Sofie, I never do this!'"

If you ask Trudeau what it was about Grigore, it's dear old dad's iconic honey-voiced cadence. "One of all," he says, "you've seen the pictures. She's just so gorgeous. But there's this sweetness to her and a realism, with this edge of an intelligence that is very, very strong and anchored in some values that are unassailable."

That night, the couple ended up back at

**'IT'S been 32 years and I was beginning to think you would never show up. I've been waiting for you all my life. You're IT!'**

Justin's apartment, sitting on the couch and talking for hours. And then, as Oprah would call it, the "Aha! moment." "I looked at her," says Trudeau, "and I just felt this strength and peace come over me." He is now carefully enunciating each syllable. "And I said, 'Well, it's about time you arrived. It's been 32 years and I was beginning to think you would never show up. I've been waiting for you all my life. You're it! I knew it right then and I announced to her that we would be spending the rest of our lives together.' How did she respond? 'We both burst into tears because we're both such big sensitive souls,'" he says. "Big tender hearts."

As Grigore will tell you, becoming Justin Trudeau's girlfriend involves a lot of a life's adjustment. As a former TV personality, she was used to occasionally being recognized in Quebec, but nothing like this. "Whenever we go," she says, "in a restaurant or on the street or on a hill or even travelling, people come up to see us and they're just so friendly. They always have a super story to tell us concerning my dad or when he was young and I'm always interested to get to know stories about Justin and his family." Much of their leisure time is spent indulging a shared enthusiasm for extreme sports. "I have this wild side to me," she says. "We did some ice climbing. We've done some easy

skiing. I also do water-skiing and bungee-jumping and I've done parachuting."

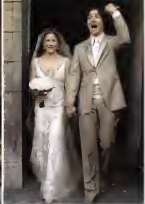
The marriage proposal came about a year later, on Oct. 18, 2004. It was to be a surprise, on what would've been Pierre Trudeau's 85th birthday ("God, I would have loved to sit with him and have great conversations, but that never happened," Grigore says. "I remember him being as if he was part of the group of kids, laughing and goofing around.") On that fall day, they went to the family north in Saint-Rémi-de-Majoreville to pay their respects. Then a radical change of pace: Trudeau took Grigore to Hotel Le St-James for his and hers spa treatments. "We did the whole double massage thing," he says. "It was wonderful." When they came out, their clothes were gone—all part of a master plan. They were taken to the Royal Suite in their robes, ostensibly to locate their clothes. "But there was champagne and caviar," says Trudeau, "and I got down on one knee in front of the fireplace in this beautiful ornate room and asked her to marry me."

Grigore, who has a hint of irony, guesses as she recalls the moment: "I call him my prince," she says, "because he treats me like a princess. He really went out of his way. There were candles and rose petals everywhere. I felt like I was a princess."

At first, the couple tried to keep their engagement a secret, but as Margaret warned them, that would be impossible. Canadians have always taken an interest in Trudeau, particularly since he delivered his impassioned eulogy at his father's funeral in 2000. "I have tried to prepare Sofie for, how can I put it, the pain and how the media may cause her," says Margaret. "I'm telling her that I'll be there because I've been there, I've been through it myself."

Sure enough, word of the engagement made front-page news all across the country, and soon so-called "pap" was coming up to them on the street, inquiring for details. "People are really interested and care about it," says Trudeau, "and I'm touched." But for Grigore, the notion that the public could be involved in her wedding seems surreal. "There's such an aura around the Trudeau name and I understand that," she says. "But it's also so weird for me because I'm still a normal bride and, you know, it's a cliché to say, but Justin is just my Justin."

Children are central to the couple's vision of marriage. "There are other things I could have—and God knows I have many



**'THERE'S SUCH an aura around the Trudeau name. But it's also so weird because I'm still a normal bride and Justin is just my Justin.'**



Clockwise from top left, Trudeau makes an entrance with his wife before heading for the reception in his dad's old Marmon; Margaret and Justin; Justin and Sophie





projects—I want to be a mum," says Grogan. They have "mild disagreements" over how many children they should have—in the way adolescent love-disagree over who should hang up the phone first. "I want at least three," says Trudeau, "but I'll be perfectly happy with three. Sophie was an only child so she's one is just fine, two is good, too. But three, you're starting to push a little bit. But I'm very confident that once we get into

**WILL Trudeau go into politics? That depends on what day you catch me more than anything else. But it's a good ways off.**

it, I'll be able to convince her that three is fine." The question that will hang in the air for the newlyweds is whether Trudeau will finally take the plunge into public life. "How wrong a possibility that is depends on what day you catch me more than anything else," he says. "But it's certainly a good ways off." He has decided to return to school. In the fall, he'll begin a master's program in environmental geography at McGill University, focusing on issues of fuel consumption. "I was leery to go back to school yet again," he says, "but I'm involved in this stuff, and it'll at least keep me away from politics this much longer."

How does Grogan feel about a political life? "I know that it may be a path and it may not," she says. "To me, it's too far away to get myself emotionally in that situation. But I love and feel that I will be able to handle it and adapt. I do agree that Justin has integrity, honesty and amazing judgment, but sometimes I think he's just maybe too sensitive, and that's kind of scary."

Less far away is the month-long honeymoon they'll be taking to a secret destination somewhere in Africa that not even the bride knows. "She was quite pleased when I told her to bring lots of bathing suits," says Trudeau. "It'll be a combination of beach and adventure." Less week, however, the only thing on the bride's mind was, as the put it, "party time!" "Bottom line, the wedding is a party," she said. "That's all we want. I don't want to get anybody losing before 2:30 if that does! It happens once in a lifetime and the adventure begins." And for better or worse, fiction will be watching. ☐



Sharing a toast and dancing to Leonard Cohen's "For Your Man" (bottom line), the wedding is a party, Sophie says. "That's all we want. It happens once in a lifetime and the adventure begins."

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# INTERNET VIGILANTE

He helped put pedophiles away by hacking into their computers. Was that wrong?

HE WAS A SELF-DESCRIBED computer geek, young and reclusive. But his online persona was anything but. Between 1997 and 2001, Brad Willman was known as Chris Peters, an Internet vigilante who would track pedophiles by spending 16-plus hours a day hacking into people's computers from his parent's house in Langley, a suburban community just outside Vancouver. Ultimately, he was responsible for the arrests of about 40 pedophiles across Canada and the U.S. Willman's successful, often unpaid and short-lived venture as "Glitter Tiger," as he was known by police, is now over. But his activities have sparked

intense debate over the legality of his tactics.

March 14 is one of the high-profile U.S. cases. In 2001, police arrested Judge Ronald Klaine, a Superior Court judge in Orange County, Calif., and charged him with possessing child pornography on computers at home and in his courtroom. Many, if not all, of those images were found thanks to Willman's hacking. After a sequestered legal battle regarding the admissibility of Willman's evidence, Klaine pleaded guilty to some of those charges and to subsequent charges of child molestation, and is set to appear in court this fall. Meanwhile, Willman has had his share of anonymous hatred. He says several pedophile groups around the world want his head. More commonly, thanks to an RCMP order to stop hacking and the seizure of his hard drive for the Klaine case, he can no longer access information he had collected on people who, he says, are "a thousand times worse than Klaine."

THE EVIDENCE against Judge Klaine and others uncovered using a program Willman developed, a kind of Trojan Horse. It let him take control of about 3,000 computers around the world when users downloaded a picture, in reality a virus, that he had planted on well-travelled child porn sites. It allowed him to record everything the users did from sending email to posting pictures. Many of his targets were ordinary people, but the list also featured military and police officers, Boy Scout leaders, priests and child care workers.

For the legal system, the Klaine case posed a challenge. Initially, the Federal Court threw

out the evidence against the judge, saying it had been seized in the course of an illegal search by Willman. In that June 2003 ruling, U.S. District Judge Camacho Marshall said that Willman was working as a police informant when he hacked into Klaine's computer and that, as a result, he needed search warrants. But in October 2004, an appeals court overturned that decision, saying no search warrant was necessary because Will-

**'I WASN'T stealing Visa info, which I could have done,' Willman says. 'I was finding out if they were harming kids.'**

man was an anonymous agent. In March of that year, the Supreme Court declined to hear the case, and Klaine is now scheduled for trial this November.

Some, however, think Willman himself should be punished. "The way the information was collected is not appropriate," says Hovav Cavanagh, an assistant professor at the University of British Columbia's Saïd School of Business. "I may challenge the foundation of many convictions we all rely on if everybody wants to do what they desire to do at night. We should all abide by the laws." According to Cavanagh, it is simply not appropriate for regular citizens to assume the responsibility of going after criminals. And he believes that the confidentiality of courts according the kind of evidence Willman provided are quite se-

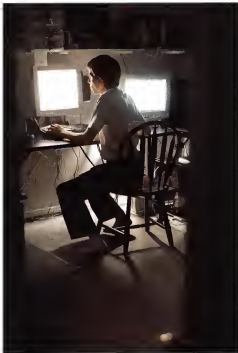
rious. "This will create precedents," he predicts, "for other prosecutors to attempt to use evidence obtained by illegal means in other trials."

It all comes down to the fact that hacking, for whatever purpose, is against the law. Cavanagh says. "Finding some positive in hacking, catching a criminal for instance, will not really change the fact that it is illegal. Those guys are costing millions of dollars to firms, governments and ordinary people by stealing their confidential and personal information. Therefore, they should be treated like criminals. It may seem extreme, but I believe that [Willman] has broken the law. He should be punished for this—even if his findings might have allowed the police to stop a pedophile."

Willman, 25, actually has sympathy for the point of view. "I knew what was doing was illegal," he says. "I think it should be illegal, the idea of monitoring someone." But, he notes, there should be different levels of legality. "I wasn't stealing Visa info, which I could have done. I was finding out if they were harming kids."

WILLMAN'S QUEST to find and punish pedophiles began by accident, when he was 17 and an online acquaintance offered him sex with his daughter. "At first, I was like, well, maybe," he recalls. "But then I found out she was 6, and that really freaked me out." He tried to cut off contact but he kept receiving naked pictures and descriptions of what he should do with the girl. Ultimately, Willman passed on the information to the Langley RCMP; police subsequently arrested an 18-month-old man, who confessed to the sex.

Willman felt good about having helped a child, and so the idea for his Trojan Horse program began to develop. It became much like a full-time job, even though Willman was in high school or being home schooled during that period. "Someone was simply doing



leading child porn, he would monitor them. But if they were actually posting photos, he considered that a higher priority. He would verify where suspects were from, and send the information on to Predator Hunter, an online pedophile watchdog group that would, in turn, send it to other sources to be re-

ported say parents all over the world and Willman a debt of gratitude for what he did.

But before posing it on to police. "There is no member of countries, I think, now Queen's a debt of gratitude for what he did," says Wendell Krueh, president of Preda-

tor Hunter. The end justifying the means is a concept Predator Hunter supports. "We don't tell people to go back, but we consider whatever information we get worthy in taking down pedophiles," Krueh says.

Under U.S. and Canadian law, there's no question Willman was, technically, acting illegally. But according to Richard Owens, one of Canada's leading lawyers in the computer field and executive director of the Center for Innovation Law and Policy at the University of Toronto, that doesn't make the information he gathered any less useful. "We allow private citizens to make arrests in their world," he says, "or to contribute evidence or provide tips. This is not that different. We may need to set certain limits, but for the moment it's unregulated and the risks, in this case, are balanced by the benefits of prosecuting a potential child predator."

Willman, meanwhile, continues to live with his parents as he plans to find a career as the computer field. In spite of the legal questions surrounding what he did, he's angry at having been forced to stop doing something that was empowering and useful. "Being made to sign something that says I will never do it again kills me off because the police aren't doing the job," he says. "I know doing it better than they could. I knew it was illegal, but I didn't care about taking the risks. Kids were being hurt—and I didn't want to see that happen."



# STARS SHINE IN LONDON

The city's West End stages are lustrous once again

**THERE HAS ALWAYS** been a grudge sort of rivalry between New York's Broadway and London's West End. More often than not, it's a rivalry expressed through the flattery of imitation shows based on Broadway, such as *Not a Not Reckless*. The producers, often and up reproduced in London, or vice versa, as with Ian Fleming's *Clash Clash Clash*. Lastly, however, this theatrical mirror has been casting up some strange and at times unusual reflections. In both places, there's been a virtual stampede of actors from film and television who

suddenly find the need to bolster their credentials in the more rigorous world of the footlights. In the U.S., many of these actors are Americans, yet weirdly enough, most of the screen stars being drawn to the London stage are American ones.

The result is a curious mixture of self-betterment—the English are tangibly confident in the belief their theatre scene is superior, and the proof is its ability to draw talent from across the Atlantic. At the same time, it may not be fashionable to confess a hint of excitement when celebs from U.S. film and TV appear in London, but the buzz will certainly—and their sell-out performances confirm it.

Both sides continue to play host to glitzy stage musicals with blockbuster production numbers, which will always be a draw for out-of-towners. But their homegrown audiences have shown a renewed interest in more serious-minded works of important works. Here again, Londoners like to believe they have the upper hand. In New York, a season of "serious theatre" means plenty of David Mamet, with *Shakespeare on the Side*.

Well, theatre in London's West End is enjoying a resurgence that's only the match of anything in New York, with the added bonus of renowned film being thrust into the arena of the theatre district itself. A recent visitor from Toronto, who had not been in the city for eight years, was stunned the other day to the sight of "his" booth in Leicester Square (it's operated by

the Society of London Theatre and offers same-day tickets at reductions of at least 50 per cent). The visitor remarked how close the square looked to his—try residents prefer to travel in cities of low squish, expensive and impossible life in the capital has become—but there was an alarming the war was right. There were not constantly tripping over cramps and dog droppings, the facade of the Old Vic theatre was polished to a gleaming shine for a premiere, and there is but one surviving sex shop looking as decidedly and and barely as its few remaining previous. Leicester Square has become respectable, even on a bright spring day when the shops are singing—singing, approaching charming, if the point were stretched a bit.

The nearby restaurant *Chorizo* has been thoroughly gutted. The weekly *divas of Pigeons* have all but given way to trendy establishments serving chilled lagers and raw sushi. Chinatown has become strategically safe. Unlike the good old days, the food now is unlikely to poison you, and there's hardly any chance of the added little excitement of being mugged.

The most striking change to London's Theatreland, however, is the theatre itself. A few years ago, not only was there nothing to watch on the London stage, but patrons were guaranteed to be uncomfortable watching it. Patrons were posterized as the actors were dogged by insects, toilets and ladders, overbearing staff, and others



**(Clockwise from left)** David Schwimmer, Patrick Markey, David Walliams, and Kate Winslet perform in *The Secret Garden* at the Old Vic.

were clipped and faded by neglect, seats, despite the exorbitant cost of tickets, were likely to buckle and sag. It was generally believed that tourists would always keep their eyes on the black, but declining traffic after 9/11 and general disinclination among Londoners to see their own plays finally

prompted the owners into action. Although few theatres are making it, many tickets sold in West End now carry a 75 per cent (almost 50) Theatre Restoration Fund levy, and state lottery funds have also been played into fixing up the capital's public theatres. The money has been used

well to spare. Seats today are likely to be the first and most comfortable, and the audiences' glow with freshly applied gilt. The number of the shows that have undergone a thorough restoration is difficult to track. To name only a few: the Savoy's splendid Art Deco auditorium has been restored to former glory; the oldest (and most famous) of the Old Vic has been repaired and refurbished; the Prince of Wales has gone through a lavish refit with a nostalgic 1930s neon cladding.

But probably no theatre is closer to London's hearts than the Regency-style Old Vic, built in 1818 and one of the oldest theatres in the city. Long faded by neglect and disrepair, the theatre was threatened some years ago by demolition, or, even worse, conversion to a huge hall. It was an unthinkable end for a stage that had once entertained Queen Victoria and Charles Dickens, and been the favourite performance hall for such actors as Sir John Gielgud.

Sir Laurence Olivier, David Pugh, and Sir Ralph Richardson, Vivien Leigh, Dame Judi Dench and Peter O'Toole. A board of trustees was established to raise the theatre's fortunes, led by Sir Elton John and including such luminaries as David Bowie, Sir Trevor Howard, Tina Turner, Willem Dafoe, John Malkovich and the advertising giant and art collector Charles Saatchi. With Sir Kenneth Tynan's support to take over as artistic director and launched a fundraising drive, now in its fourth year. The theatre's grand white and gilt facade, which have been restored, and its interior appears safe.

But the London theatre community is about more than bricks and mortar. Included among the stars has been a steady stream of prominent U.S.—and even Canadian—film stars making appearances on West End stages in productions of the past few years include Nicole Kidman, Gwyneth Paltrow, Kathleen Turner, Matt Damon, Christian Slater, Ron Perlman, Matthew Perry and even Madonna—whose presence, and for all, on the venerable West End—only *Up for Grabs*, at Wyndham Theatre, that her inability to set on screen was not a serious risk.

American actor Brian Dennehy, the famed classical star of such films as *Peter Garon* (1993), has won Tony and Golden Globe Awards for his portrayal of Willy Loman in the Arthur Miller classic *Death of a Salesman*. He has taken the show to London for the first time with a run at the Lyric Theatre (in early November). And Spence, whose chance of scripts as artistic director of the Old Vic has been spurned in the past, hoped to create a popular church with the West End debut of the Broadway classic *The Philadelphia Story*, in which he was opposite Jennifer Ehle. The performance opened on May 1 and runs until Aug. 6. Currently David Schwimmer, Ross in *Friends*, is playing a lecherous Lord in *Neil LaBute's* *Some Girl(s)* at the Gielgud. And last week, *Survivor* star Val Kilmer starred in a production of *The Tempest* at the Lyric Theatre. As *Andrew Bates*, Billy's adaptation of *The Firm* is always being shown at the Playhouse.

Among British film actors taking turns in the West End are Jude Law and his fiancée, Sienna Miller, performing in back-to-back Shakespearean productions at the Young Vic. Miller will headline in a stage 1940s update of *As You Like It*, while the talented Mr. Blythe will take a turn as the lead in *Twelfth Night*. The theatre's patron, Lord McGovern, is trading light over his dancing days as he takes the role of Sir Marmaduke in the 1930s classic musical *Come Fly With Me*. He will be appearing opposite Al Pacino's actor, Jane Krakowski, in a production that will open at the Piccadilly this week. As an added benefit, a season of British stage and screen has been thriving audiences in what once again took the performance of his life. The impeccable Sir Michael Gambon, Albus Dumbledore in the Harry Potter films, is making the wayway as the far-gone and far-off *Harry Potter* and the *Prisoner of Azkaban* (May 11).

With talents like these available, with many tickets on sale at half price or on special promotional as low as £10 (£25), and with a host of restored West End theatres, there is likely to have been as good a time to make a theatrical pilgrimage to London since the 1960s. New Yorkers may find it good, but Londoners know that they have it better.

Robert Masch Lee is a Canadian journalist and author living in London.

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Column | ANN BOAGSEY JOHNSON



## WHERE ARE THE REAL WOMEN?

Prime time isn't keeping pace with the ever-evolving modern family

**A LONG TIME AGO**, when all families were nuclear, all mothers were aprons and all fathers smoked pipes, there were no real single parents. At least, that was reality, TV-style. It was a Noah's Ark world, where mothers cooked, fathers knew best and both slept, two-by-two, in identical twin beds. If, by some unfortunate circumstance, a parent was missing a partner, they were realized single not by choice, but by tragedy. Inevitably, it was the female half of the nucleus who had sad tales concerning death. And the dull but

most part, he was just dandy. He had a good handle on his kid(s), and a loyal sidekick to boot—a handy wife substitute to help with the sticky bits of life. Think Andy Griffith, Opie and Aunt Bee, Eddie's father, Edna and Mrs. Longstreet. *The My Three Sons* crew, plus Uncle Charley. And of course, Bonanza's Ben Cartwright with three dead wives. Once very alive sons and loyal Hay Stack, he was TV's first real survivor.

Of course, in the rare event that a widower wanted to remarry, there was—what lack!—a willing widow and it really *Double* tragedy gave birth to *The Study Search*, a stepfamily blissfully undermined by step issues. A family entirely untroubled by the same twofold

Thankfully, in the 36 years since *Branch* first aired, family life has a few new plot twists and is too chaotic. Not that I'm an expert. In fact, I was truly smitten with any TV was at a gayle's party in *Grease* our 12-year-old has suggested we *Rising Sons* (McQueen's first season) like a good idea or the

Still, as my own sense has changed, so too has the film's. From its first, from pasta to seared parmesan, that be "friccedly co-pasta!"<sup>3</sup>—more than a passing interest in cooking, *Silence* of the modern food it plays out on TV. Yes, I was in the



Franchise and complex, both have one of TV's most intriguing par-

complex, both is one of TV's most intriguing parents

compromising Jane Tennison said no to the same prospect on the brilliant *Prison Ship* part. I was there when the baby weary Miranda dove under the hood in *Sex and the City*, just to avoid her soon-to-be father and his new girlfriend. And most of all, I was there for the few seasons of *Once and Again*, a series that featured two divorced couples—the full double reiki-see—wrestling with all the messy complexities of dating and child-rearing, jealousy and loneliness, bitterness and love.

It was a hit. And then, *poof*, it was cancelled, despite massive success.

So where is my really TWP? If, as one male critic recently wrote, "desecration is 'a woman's world and the rest of us are just hanging around in it,' I'd like to know: where are the real women? Or the real men, for that matter? Certainly not on our tawny cartoonish *Disparate Women*, or the cloying *Gilmore Girl*—two shows where the teenage daughters are eight years ahead of their all-too-teeny single mommies. Here is the pretty *Liane* Gilmore, telling a friend she hopes her daughter will be successful and an elite school: "I offered to do the principal's act her!" How, what a ringer!

Do we really need to say ourselves satisfied in the name of popular culture? Maybe not. But we'd better move to say it despite our anxiety. And if that's true, there's a certain single parent who deserves our attention: a widow who believes or not, just happens to wear the wrong sports bra. For the past four seasons, the transatlantic Prime has been one of the better movies to name into the quirky and remarkable *Six Feet Under*. As the grief-stricken single mother of three who gradually loses sons, something of a sexual therapist in front of her appalled adolescent boys, the middle-aged Jane is a painful and powerful figure. And she's got a secret: She's gay. And what do you think? Her husband died of AIDS. Jane, by no means alone, is deeply, like all his departed spouses—dead or alive—be it him or her, the least expected: "I miss what we had. Not the sex," the tolls her. "Then I find it again," he says, and promptly disappears.

Now, as the final season nears its end on June 6 (TBS' *Movie Central*), the questions remain: Is the pious Ruth, now renamed, up to Nathaniel's challenge? Can a three-dimensional being, struggling with her past, present and future, move forward with grace, generosity and hope? Who knows. These are the perennial questions in the ever-evolving script of the modern family. And for now, so few of us can say with any certainty how it will all unfold.







## Corey Kосkie finishes John Intini's sentences

"You're like Jay's" isn't spoken dumber. Corey Kосkie likely had plenty to say—right? Unlikely—after breaking his right thumb during one second base during a game in Milwaukee last month. Things got worse when doctors told the third baseman that the resulting surgery would keep him out of the lineup until at least late June. In hospital, preliminary times, the 31-year-old from Anoka, Minn., finished *McLean's Associate Editor* John Intini's sentences.

THE ALL-TIME BEST GUY would be putting crumby peanut butter in a teammate's underwear.

MY FIRST CAR was a Chrysler B-Class that my dad bought me at an auction. It broke, saying things like, "The door

is open." It was like I owned RITE. I LOVED MY FIRST DOLLAR at 14 by helping my neighbor take holes of sticks to the Winnipeg airport. I CRIED WATCHING *Slap Shot* at bedtime. I'm kidding. Honestly? John Q—it's the Dorset Washington film about his son needing a heart transplant. WHEN FIRST BROKE INTO THE MAJORs, MY TEAMMATES SAID I WAS A SAG DRESSER. But they weren't. I looked pretty good even though I looked aging. They got on me after *Endgame* by *Style* was my high school nickname. Back then, I wore a lot of clothes from Cansky Island and Randy River.

FOR MORE "JOHN INTINI'S SENTENCES" VISIT [WWW.MCLEANS.CA/CP/LE](http://WWW.MCLEANS.CA/CP/LE)

## Fiction

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